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PERSONALITY
HOW TO BUILD IT

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PERSONALITY: HOW TO BUILD IT
H. LAURENT

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MENTAL EFFICIENCY SERIES

PERSONALITY

HOW TO BUILD IT

By H. LAURENT

Translated by Richard Duffy

AUTHORIZED EDITION

"Personality is a talisman which brings success and triumph."

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

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PREFACE

PERSONALITY is defined as the qualities or characteristics, personal traits or attributes peculiar to some individual. Specifically, it is that quality which sustains poise through self-control in the face of propitious or unpropitious circumstances. The man who is calm and cool, who is master of his actions, of his voice, of his looks, and of his gestures is he who commands his true self and can assert that individuality which is respected everywhere as the root of all that is sincere, just, and good. Personalities are not acquired by dreaming but by hard work. Self-help is the hammer with which they may be forged on the anvil of Life, each mind following its own method.

"Give me a standing-place," said ARCHIMEDES, "and I will move the world," but it was the immortal GOETHE who changed the postulate into the precept—*"Make good thy standing-place, and move the world!"*

To EPICTETUS we owe the warning that in the schools of wrestling when a contestant falls he is bidden to rise and to continue wrestling

daily until he has acquired strength. So must we do the same if we wish to avoid failure, and do not wish to find ourselves swept by the torrent of affairs into the abyss of oblivion.

THOMAS CARLYLE was a firm believer in Personality, and as firm a believer in the power of man to mold his life for himself. Said he: "Man is not the creature but the architect of circumstance. It is character that builds an existence out of circumstance." A man who lacks character is a man who can never hope to acquire a personality. But, let us not forget that Character and Personality each have two sides. Even as character may be good or bad, so also Personality may be famous or infamous. The history of the world, from the dawn of time down to the present day, is full of examples of both types.

The man and the woman who wish to create a pleasant and an engaging personality and to impress it, will find enumerated in the following pages the qualities that are indispensable to the attainment of their aims. The author of this work, Mr. H. LAURENT, has made a deep study of his subject, which he presents to the Reader in a comprehensive and convincing way. The book is divided into two parts: the first,

consisting of six chapters, is devoted to "Personality: How to Build It." The second, which comprises five chapters, treats of how Personality, once acquired, may be exerted advantageously in business as well as in home life.

Cautioned against possible errors, the Reader is advised to exert energy, to show sincerity, to pay attention and observe, to exercise perspicacity, to be determined, and to persevere. "In life the most difficult task," the Author tells us, "is to sound one's own soul." The world is full of people who perform this task always to their own advantage. This, the sincere reader must learn to avoid. He must eschew arrogance, and self-conceit. Intense self-assurance is always a danger to every man and to every woman who harbors it in the character. They must learn prudence; exercise judgment; practise diplomacy, and show tact and delicacy in all their dealings.

Personality is a source of wealth that springs from within; it is a noble quality that requires one to make great sacrifices before attainment. Its secret lies in the winning of others by personal study, adroitness, and tact, and of these the greatest undoubtedly is tact for, altho it is not a sixth sense, it is the mainspring of all

five, and controls the quick eye, the alert ear, the keen smell, the sensitive touch, and the acute taste of man.

Would the Reader command a Personality? Then let him heed the advice that is offered in this little book. Here painful truths are presented in gentle terms and exprest no further than to produce the necessary impression. May he accept this good counsel and reap his reward.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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PART I

PERSONALITY: HOW TO BUILD IT

"To think oneself Somebody is folly; to create a personality is power"

CHAPTER I

WHAT IS PERSONALITY?

THE word personality describes that which is personal, that which belongs to one human being only.

To have personality means to possess one or several qualities, one or several defects, or even a turn of mind, an original character not like that of others, but truly one's own and free from imitation.

To be a personality is to be one who is distinguished and recognized among a crowd by some trait either moral, intellectual, physical or simply practical.

One beautiful morning in May, I walked slowly down the Champs Elysées.

A great many people, like myself, were taking the air. There were men, women, children, nursemaids. Along the Avenue, coming and going, passed slow-trotting cab horses, fast automobiles and heavy auto-busses.

Suddenly appears a curious carriage drawn by two pretty white animals to whose dancing pace chimes the cheery music of small bells.

The aspect of the commonplace street changes. The promenaders have lost their habitual street look of sameness. Some halt, some look round; others step rapidly toward the curb. Some stand up on the seats where they had been seated in quiet gossip. Nursemaids are stirred and move about. The children stop in the midst of their play and gaze round them with astonished eyes.

As a song borne upon the breeze, so a name floats from group to group and comes at last to me. Inwardly I say:

"Why, it's Madame Réjané, the actress, with her white mules!"

The monotony of life is broken for the moment. And why? Because something has happened, because a personality has passed. The equipage is original, and the actress who rides in it is not an ordinary pedestrian.

My walk led me to the house of a friend who was having a reception-day.

The drawing-room was crowded with the usual commonplace crowd one sees at an afternoon

affair. Men and women gossiped and flirted with too much of a sameness for one who is a bit of a dreamer and, in a quiet way, somewhat of a misanthrope.

One is introduced, one bows indifferently. One yawns on the sly. . . .

The door-bell rings. Enters a little old man in morning dress.

He is the famous Professor X——.

Monotony instantly vanishes. The drawing-room no longer yawns with its many small commonplace people. There is now present a personality.

What is personality? There are two kinds of personalities. First, those that force themselves forward and stand out among the crowd, distinct from the rest of the community by their qualities or their defects. They are good or bad personalities. Secondly, those that have standing by favor of an endowment that makes them independent, such as name, rank, fortune, etc.

When the name Pasteur is mentioned, in a flash your mind signals his personality as a benefactor of humanity and the discoverer of the serum for hydrophobia. You recall the

great services he has rendered to the human race.

Pasteur is a good and useful personality.

When some one says "Curie," you think immediately of "radium." You think of the usefulness of this discovery. You recall the death of Curie. You know Curie.

You say to yourself: "His was a good personality. Too bad he should have been accidently killed. He was a genius to serve mankind." And you continue to regret his untimely end.

If somebody mentions Victor Hugo, you think of the works of this noble poet. You smile at the recollection of certain pages once read with emotion. Inwardly you offer deep thanks for all the beauties revealed to you by the vigorous pen that enabled you to see life from a standpoint of nobility and feeling.

If one mentions Lamartine, you find yourself dreaming of sunsets, of the clear waters of crystal lakes, of the death of Socrates, of Ehire, and of many and many a beautiful thing of his that you have read, learned and clung to with a sort of sweet rapture. Lamartine conjures up within you sweet sadness, purity, youth.

Should one speak of Zola, your dream changes to what is brutal and cynical in life, somber and deceptive.

How do you characterize Victor Hugo and Lamartine?

You say they are good and noble writers, meaning they are good literary personalities. The impression and the memory of these men live in their works. One is sublime; the other beautiful.

Of Zola, you say with a shudder that he was a man of talent and also of personality. He has done his work. Is it good? That depends on the reader. Bad? It may be. Perhaps it is hurtful. Perhaps useful? Assuredly you will not have any enthusiasm about it for the impression left by it is strangely melancholy. Zola personifies for you anguish, suffering, frightfulness, life in terrible rawness.

At mention of the name Napoleon, warlike pictures appear. You see battle with its smoke, horses in a furious charge, men trampled underfoot, cut to pieces, dead. The day is soiled with blood and death; the night grim with battlefields strewn with corpses. The noise of cannon and the clanking of arms assail your ears. The great eagle soars against the sky.

Veterans of the French Empire sing in exaltation.

They sing of victory. France is powerful but hated.

Then come defeats, more battles—and always death, mourning and despair. France is lost.

You see a ghostly figure in a gray riding-cloak and a small, cocked hat. One hand is thrust into the coat at the chest. A lock of dark hair cuts across the paleness of the forehead. His is a bowed, sad, vanquished figure. A desert island in human guise.

At last you gaze upon a sumptuous tomb in the heart of Paris.

Here is a personality, fearful, wonderful, but harmful. An extraordinary man—fatal to others as to himself. A man of deeds, mad, ambitious, and deadly. A tradition of glory and of frenzy, of pride dearly paid for.

And as you think of him and of his deeds, you say with severity and justice: "This was a harmful personality."

Talk of Marat, and you have a vision of blood and carnage. This was a hateful personality.

Mention Christopher Columbus, Stephenson, Denis Papin, Lebon, Marconi, and others, and you have in mind the idea of service rendered,

of something done that the ordinary mortal has never accomplished and, perhaps, can never do again. Columbus suggests fearsome voyages, ventured upon with courage, in the face of much suffering. Stephenson suggests the invention of the locomotive. Denis Papin suggests the discovery of the power of steam; Lebon, the discovery of illuminating gas; and Marconi, the practical adaptation of the wireless telegraph. These are useful personalities.

We have seen harmful and even hateful personalities.

But all of them, in order to be original, have done something.

Now let us speak of the King of Spain, the Minister of Finance, of the copper king, the daughter of the Czar. These, too, are personalities, but in another sense of the word. This is to say that these personalities make their mark in spite of themselves and for reasons totally independent of themselves.

They did not need to do anything in order to be somebody.

This sort of personality we shall not talk about, but consider it as a grammatical error. It is rather a condition poorly described by a term of power.

You see, personality is a beautiful quality, all life, and coming from our "ego." It is an endowment which is our very own and belongs to us alone, whether it is natural, acquired, or cultivated.

Personality is then, so understood, the part played by an individual among a multitude and the impression, the effect, the memory that this achievement leaves in the minds of others.

By the association of ideas, the personality becomes the man himself, the man who lives his part. The part and the individual are closely joined in this personality. The part recalls the man, the man recalls the part. They are one.

Thence one gathers that personality is a group of acts or one act personified.

You say of a personality that he is the author of this, the creator of that, and in stating simply his act, you see with the eye of your mind the individual. Let me explain.

We have spoken before of Victor Hugo.

How did he become a personality?

By his talent, by his entirely original manner of seeing, feeling, and expressing his impressions in writing.

This gift for writing, this art was a personality.

So this art caused him to play a particular part among ordinary mortals. He was an author.

His personality, that which made his reputation, was this part, the memory of it and the impression.

His personality is also he himself.

His personality is his work and his name.

His work is himself, he is his work.

Mention "Les Misérables," and you think of Victor Hugo.

Say, "the author of 'Les Misérables,'" and you still think of Victor Hugo.

Say, "Victor Hugo," and you think of the author of "Les Misérables."

The book calls to mind the individual and the individual is incarnate in the book.

It is, therefore, only right to assert that personality is an inborn act or turn of mind, of character. As it were a manner of impersonation.

Anybody may have personality. All that is necessary is a quality or a defect sufficient to dominate the mental faculties, which exists in an uncommon form in juxtaposition to the common form of other individuals.

To force, then, this personal feeling, in order

to become a personality, is the problem which we are going to study and to solve in this book.

A good or a bad personality develops itself in proportion to the dominant virtue of the individual or in proportion to his principal defect.

Pasteur and Curie are useful personalities, born of science, because they had within themselves those gifts which they knew how to develop. These were the inclination for study, the desire for discovery, the love of humanity, the patience of research and the courage to make experiments.

Victor Hugo and Lamartine are useful personalities, born of good literature, because they had within themselves the gift of seeing and of feeling, of understanding and of expressing the beauty and the grandeur of the things of nature. They were visionaries of the magnificent and of the sublime.

Zola has curiosity, vision, the expression of life in its true shape, without delusive coloring. He made for himself a personality, an originality of cynicism, of harsh frankness, because harsh frankness in opposition to his conceptions was bound to be his dominant quality.

Napoleon is a wonderful and fearful personality—harmful because all his conduct was

guided by pride alone. He possest extraordinary qualities of will, firmness, courage, and decision to serve this pride.

His personality is amazing in the expression of these particular qualities. Harmful is the expression of his pride, which was the stumbling-block to his success and the veil to his perspicacity.

Napoleon possest inborn qualities and defects which made up his personality.

Marat was odious and brutal. His personality shows itself in these tendencies of his character.

Finally, Christopher Columbus was adventurous and brave. Stephenson was intelligent, a dreamer, calculating, inventive. The same is true of Denis Papin and Lebon, and they made for themselves a name by reason of these qualities.

Personality then is the result of the development and of the application of certain gifts or of certain natural defects.

Therefore, according to a certain moral endowment, one succeeds in creating a moral personality.

Here is a man more loyal, more just, more severe with himself than with another. His life

is a long succession of perfect actions, of struggle against evil, of success in what is good.

By these qualities, which were in him and which he has carefully cultivated, he makes himself superior to all his fellows. He acts for himself, according to his own ideas. He does not bother with books, examples, or advice. He goes where his conscience—which is not built on fidelity to the rules of his childhood—leads him. It is made up of thoroughly original beliefs, impressions, deductions and inductions of his own.

This man possesses what we call a moral personality.

Men of this sort we deem philosophers. They do not see the world from the common viewpoint. They have one all their own, which varies greatly from the rules usually applied and the generalities usually taught, from which every one feeds his mind.

They are called optimists if their mental attitude is more cheerful than the ordinary; pessimists, if it is more melancholy. They are simply people who think according to the turn of their character, the logic of their belief, the range of their intelligence and the sincerity of their nature.

In a word they are themselves.

According to our intellectual endowment we create a practical personality. We choose a certain quality of our mind and develop it by dint of hard work into an originality, a speciality.

Have you a talent for drawing? Have you the ability to grasp the agreeable aspect of things, their color, their life? You can be a great artist. You will have a *genre* all your own, inasmuch as your talent does not come from study alone, but from a personal taste, from a manner entirely your own of seeing, feeling, and recording.

Have you a taste for writing, for noting your impressions? Are you impressed by things in an original manner? You will make a writer, perhaps, with a personal touch, a personality of expression.

Your style will not come from reading, from what you recall, or from the works of others, but from an inborn quality which you yourself have developed.

Or, have you a leaning toward mathematics, for research, for any one of the sciences? Your personality will show you how to develop it and even point the way to invention.

Besides your mind, your body also, if endowed

in such or such a manner, can also make a personality for you.

Have you an inclination for any of the sports? You can become an adept. How is your body built?

Have you got good muscles for running, for jumping? Are you a good walker? Can your heart stand violent exercise? Whatever your taste and your natural inclination, combine your will with it and, you will achieve a specialty and an originality for yourself in the world of sport as in life. You will become a champion in the field to which your preference leads you in proportion to your physical powers.

You will be—you will have the personality of an athlete.

Are you inclined to evil—subject to a defect, a weakness, a bad tendency? You will have an originality, a specialty in evil. This means a bad personality, and one scandalous, if you get to be known—secret if it exists only for you alone.

Have you the failing not to recognize the difference between what is yours and what belongs to another? If you do not keep guard of your conscience, you will soon be a dishonest man, a thief, a swindler, perhaps something worse. You

will bind your *ego* to a failing. You will live by it, become possest by it. It will be master of you. You will be one with it. Through your lack of energy, of foresight, of will-power and of strength to do right, you will be dragged into a sad and ruinous personality.

To sum up briefly this rather complex definition of personality:

Personality is the quality of being somebody.

We observe then:

First. Personality in the guise of our mind or of our being. This is an original form, wholly distinctive of one individual.

Secondly. Personality of the individual, which forces itself upon the attention of the mass and which emerges from the level of the average multitude.

This personality is of two kinds:

First. The personality proceeding from a personality, that is to say, which is born of something done by an individual, something which is really his own.

Secondly. The personality proceeding from a condition apart from the individual, which is born without act or effort.

The first personality in order to be revealed has required the quality of real personality.

The second has had no such need. It can attach itself to an individual perfectly colorless.

Of the latter personalities one may say with La Bruyère:

"The only value in them is their name. When you see them at close range they amount to less than nothing. From a distance they are impressive."

Chance also may make a personality, which we call "native, inborn." For example:

The king of a country is a personality by the right of his rank.

Suppose this king has a talent for drawing and cultivates it. He achieves proficiency, and his art impresses the public. Then this king, a royal and noble personality, becomes also an artistic personality.

CHAPTER II

THE QUALITIES NECESSARY TO FORM PERSONALITY

To form one's personality there is need, first of all, to know oneself thoroughly; to compute accurately the balances of moral, intellectual and physical qualities and defects.

Every one can thus mold for himself a personality. For, in this world, everything has its relative importance. Every man and every action has a particular value, a real effect. The profound knowledge of our own soul gives us a clear light on humanity, reveals to us occasionally certain treasures in our nature which have lain unobserved and would, without particular care, perish or waste for lack of use.

The discovery of all the profound secrets of will and feeling, which personality begets, is the work of intimate wisdom.

Personality is not our instructor. It lives within us and we are simply the instruments which bring it to life, to light, to work.

Gold does not manufacture itself. It exists in the bosom of the earth, in the yellow sparkle of the sands, in the clearness of rivers. To find it, there must be skilful and experienced prospectors.

To find our personality we must be as the seekers of treasure, prospectors for gold. We must study, with shrewdness and care, our main characteristics.

Let us say our mind is fixt on the windings of our inmost soul, that we are working to find ourselves. This is a thing not so simple as one is tempted to believe, for, "in life the most difficult task is to sound one's own soul." Remember there must be added to these efforts a lofty sincerity without which no revelation of oneself can be of value. Personal sincerity is the beacon-light to guide the seeker.

Then, again, one must bring into play judgment, in order to appraise accurately the worth, the effect, and the possibility of success in the discoveries made.

Then follow the desire to impress oneself on others and the determination to persevere with it, and one places the finishing touch to the formation of personality.

The world is full of individuals who draw

comparisons continuously between themselves and others, and who decide always in favor of their own ability. Be convinced that such people are very insignificant and totally lack the originality of personal endowment. Their blindness of foolish self-esteem kills in them that which might become a force, a source of wealth, of fame.

Be not like them. Be conscious of yourself and of others, but be discerning and sincere.

Few people are able to unveil the illusion of their own individuality. Those who do are of a superior grade. Perhaps it is because of the rarity of personal sincerity that personality is so valuable, inasmuch as it depends above all else on real knowledge of oneself.

Energy is necessary as well as sincerity. We are always tempted to be cowardly with ourselves. As our body has a horror of suffering, so our soul, our intellect, has a horror of blame, which is struck as a blow. To be truthful one must be fearless face to face with oneself.

Among tests of physical energy is the resolution:

To plunge the hand in very hot water to stop a worse evil.

To jump into an ice-cold bath on leaving one's

bed in the morning in order to calm a nervous disorder.

To have an open wound drest without complaint.

Among tests of moral energy is the resolution:

To say to oneself: "I have lied," when one has glossed over the truth. To decide to confess and suffer the ridicule and blame inflicted by others.

To acknowledge that the reason you hate some one is because you envy them, admit very frankly the folly of it, and reprimand oneself.

To find oneself stupid and dull.

To tell oneself that one is in the wrong about something, that one has acted badly, and to reproach oneself severely.

Moral energy is a great factor in the creation of a personality.

It is a luminous ray that lightens all the darkness of the abyss, and shows its depths before we descend into it.

All these tests should be undergone by us for the inward molding of our personality.

A horticulturist who notices among the seeds which he has to cultivate an original seed, separates it from the others, plants it, tends it, watches it closely.

So when we find that we are possest of a certain quality, a personal gift, we must take it apart from the others, plant it, develop it, watch it closely.

This is care.

Later the horticulturist compares this plant, the result of his care, with the other plants and ascertains the beauty or the insignificance of it.

And similarly we compare our chosen quality with the analogous qualities of other people. Thus we ascertain the originality of it, its superiority, or its banality.

Thus we have sincerity stript of all the blinding faults of pride, envy, jealousy, conceit.

Pride is the defect of those who have a false opinion, tho always very advantageous to themselves.

Pride makes us think our quality such a unique wonder, that it is not necessary for us to develop it, to make it better. Our point of comparison is warped with secret conceit.

Envy is the fault through which our vexation and annoyance is roused by the success of others.

This vexation, this annoyance at sight of a quality analogous to our own, blinds our sincerity. It disposes us to unfair criticism and

to search for a weak spot, which will veil the weak spot which is, perhaps, in ourselves.

So the horticulturist, in love with his product, envious of his neighbors, will look with an enemy's eye on similar flowers or those more beautiful. And he will find defects in them without being willing to see the imperfections in his own.

Jealousy will work about in the same way and with the same destructive effect.

Conceit assumes the form of pride and, like it, dims clearness of vision.

Good judges of themselves should reject these feelings, which, tho human, drag them at last to loss and failure. They tempt men to make idols of themselves and tyrannize over others.

Let us return to our horticulturist:

He has a correct opinion of his creation. He understands the nature and ways of plants. He foresees all the benefit he can gain from the production, the life, the development, the reproduction of the original plant he has discovered.

With our chosen quality cultivated, wisely placed, we also can be good horticulturists and foresee the good to be acquired. This is perspicacity.

Face to face with ourselves, then, what remains to be done in order to succeed?

Will or determination, which is the motive power of all our actions.

This is the highest of qualities, without which nothing can be achieved.

It is the quality that governs all our moral and intellectual faculties. It is the pivot of our being.

As an electric wire gives to a house illumination, or at the turn of a switch darkness, so the will affords the individual all the opportunities of his natural gifts, or the lack of it leaves them untouched and profitless.

Determination is the "open sesame" to moral treasure.

Determination is upheld and made invulnerable by perseverance, with which loyal and inseparable, it marches abreast toward the goal.

Determination without perseverance may be compared to a strong chain, whose links are not securely jointed. Perseverance secures the links. Perseverance and determination together form a chain not to be broken by the heaviest strain.

In summary, then, the qualities necessary to form a personality are:

Care and vigilance.

Energetic sincerity.

Perspicacity.
Determination.
Perseverance.
The defects to be overcome are:
Pride.
Envy.
Jealousy.
Conceit.

This is the way to form a personality. But how are we to make it felt?

We must learn to know other people well.

Whether it be our greatest enemy or our best friend, we must find a way to make them tractable.

CHAPTER III

PAYING ATTENTION TO THE OPINION OF OTHERS

MEN appreciate one another with reluctance. They have but a feeble inclination to approve of one another in action, conduct, or thought. Nothing pleases easily. Each of us is full of his suppressed ideas, his ready-made judgments and personal opinions.

To make oneself understood and to please at the same time is a difficulty almost unsurmountable. Prejudice, injustice and abuse have to be encountered.

The judgment of others is a severe tribunal before which one appears not as the accused, but always as the guilty.

It remains with oneself to choose a spirited lawyer to carry one's defense through to success.

The great sentiment to anticipate in the judgment of others is jealousy. It is a universal feeling that appears in a thousand forms to show itself the better, to avenge itself the more.

To make good, in spite of the judgment of others, one must be diplomatic. One must be adroitly ingratiating and flatter in each the wishes that govern his soul, or sympathize with the infirmities that afflict his body. It is the best way to make an impression and to win.

On this subject, I am going to tell you a little story which will serve as a paradox to the attention we pay to the judgment of others.

Vasili Serge was a very poor man, who lived in a cabin still poorer, which was neither a protection against the cold of winter nor the burning heat of summer.

Vasili Serge had a wife and five children. He was so poor and miserable, he begged his bread by the wayside.

Christmas came. Vasili Serge's five children cried from cold and hunger. His wife was sick from want.

What happens? The man, distraught, goes to the nearest village and begins to steal. First he steals a beautiful fat goose that they cooked that one night. Then, he stole some wine. He stole every day and became so skilful that Vasili Serge no longer suffered from hunger and want. Little by little the comforts of life came to his hearth.

He left the fields and the high road for the large cities and the great avenues. He moved from his cabin to live in a beautiful house.

Vasili Serge's wife, well gowned, became pleasing and agreeable.

Vasili Serge's children grew beautiful. Secretly Vasili Serge taught his offspring the lucrative business that had made him rich.

At last Vasili Serge became very rich and possest great treasure. But it happened also that one fine day, notwithstanding his skill, he was discovered, pursued, trapped.

He received the bad news in his beautiful parlor surrounded by his wife and children.

An ill-looking man had come to the house who demanded to speak with Vasili Serge.

The big thief did not flinch, and begged the man to come in with his most amiable tone of voice. He welcomed the visitor, who was a detective, followed by a large escort who remained outside.

The family were all talking, sipping wine, in a familiar and unconstrained way.

Vasili spoke to the man as he entered:

"I know what you have come to do. I give myself up. The guard is at the door. I will go with them immediately; but as a favor let me finish this little lunch."

He pointed to a side table on which a savory collation was spread. The detective looked at it with the big eyes of a gourmand, which made the thief tremble with joy. Vasili said to him:

"If your appetite bids you, sir, have a little bite with me."

He offered to his sinister caller a large glass of rare wine and drew toward him the side-table laden with excellent dishes smoking hot.

Unable to resist the man accepted.

The wife of Vasili Serge stole softly out of the room and went to the door where the guard was stationed. She beckoned to the first soldier, who, astonished at her beauty, grace and elegance, came quickly.

"Go and wait for your chief in the kitchen, my friend. There are some delicious things there which will be lost. Honest soldiers may profit by them as the rascally servants of Vasili Serge are going to the gallows."

She spoke in this way to each soldier. They were all only too glad to be led to the feast, so artfully proposed and as bountiful as delectable.

In the parlor the chief tasted everything, ate everything. Then he had a good cigar and liqueurs. Two hours later the chief and the soldiers were dead drunk.

Vasili, his wife and children undrest the soldiers, clothed themselves in the uniforms and left the perilous town for a quieter abode. Also they carried away a great deal of plunder. Everywhere they passed they were treated with a great deal of respect and were allowed to proceed until they reached the frontier, where they became themselves again and were able to seek with freedom a less hostile country.

Meanwhile at Vasili's house the chief and the soldiers awoke, shocked at the plot. They were amazed at the good living of their host and the cleverness of the thieves.

They did not get angry. Why? They were good men serving under implacable and ferocious masters. They had feasted and slept on velvet. The thieves escaped only after treating their enemies well. Hurrah for the fugitives!

So they tell the story.

It may be there was a little more of stupefaction and of anger shown; but, on reflection, all account taken, perhaps the story as told is the true one.

Vasili Serge knew how to treat his guests. He paid attention to them and to their judgment. In this way he kept his life and his liberty, and, who knows? Perhaps he had the

gratitude of brave troopers who, for once in their lives, attained the delights of satisfied gluttony.

I tell the story for what it is worth. It is Russian, and in the Russian is very amusing without doubt, and passes for the truth.

However that may be, the judgment of others is like the guard who came to arrest Vasili Serge. To make a friend of such an enemy one must skilfully lay hold of his weaknesses and content them. By making of him an amiable prisoner he becomes a help when one has to pass before his severe tribunal.

CHAPTER IV

CAUTION: RATIONAL AND CLEAR-SIGHTED

Considering that life is a great battlefield on which human beings, all adversaries, fight for a personal victory, in order to hold a commanding position one must possess the important quality of prudence.

Prudence is the art of avoiding dangers. Yet how can dangers be avoided when one does not see them, does not even suspect them?

You start off on a road that looks level and serene, under a bright sun. What reason is there for being prudent where one sees no obstacles?

Guess at them, suspect them, hunt for them. You will not then be simply prudent. Your prudence will have stretched itself to the borders of a tendency less noble, but without doubt adroit and rich in good results. This is caution.

Caution signifies incessant dread of danger, incessant suspicion of evil about one.

Carefully exercised, without excess, in bal-

ance and reason, caution is an immeasurable resource in life. It is the parent of surety and success.

On considering life as a battlefield we will continue, then:

At evening, before the morrow's encounter, the armies of the enemy arrive and bivouac. Camps are set up in the fields.

Is it sufficient to post about these camps sentinels here and there at different stations?

Certainly not. From one side or another scouts are sent to reconnoiter the situation, lay of the land, its occupants and possible dangers.

Prudence is the well-guarded camp, surrounded by sentinels. In the tents each man carries his gun in readiness for attack or defense.

Caution orders scouts with velvet tread to glide through the night, search the woods, examine hollows. They stoop over ditches, twist and examine the thickets, cleverly question the country people, enter their houses, and find out if they are innocent or guilty of conspiracy with the enemy.

To scent out danger is profitable caution.

Nevertheless, do not exaggerate the value of caution. Do not make of it a defect that

amounts to a sickly weakness, an unbalanced condition of mind. Keep in this, as in all things, an even tenor.

Have caution that is alert but unsuspected. Never let any one guess your lack of confidence.

You are gifted, for instance, with a beautiful voice. What is more you have a talent for singing. It is praiseworthy and agreeable that you should create for yourself a personality in this art.

You are recommended to a capable professor. You are told that you should not only make an artist of yourself, but study with the idea of achieving a career. The only drawback to the project is that the professor is very expensive.

What does prudence suggest?

Do not decide too quickly. Deliberate. Examine into the matter seriously.

Weigh your inclination for the art, the cost of the lessons, the reliability of the teacher.

How does caution, that sees evil and peril everywhere, advise you?

Find out if the price of the lessons is really the same for you as for others. Assure yourself that you are not being duped. Thus get an exact idea of the mentality of the man you don't know. If he is so good, he has an artistic value

and the consequent value of connections. Find out these connections and how terms have been made. Beware of the adventurer.

All this must be carefully weighed, examined with tact, acuity and discretion, under cover of indifference or idle curiosity and talk. When your information is complete draw your conclusions and decide.

The people from whom you have drawn your information will never guess what you have done. The professor will never know with what suspicions you have blackened him in order to discover his true faculties.

You will reap all the profit of your work and study. Nobody will be offended. You alone will be aware of the ideas back of your own head.

The study of caution resembles the art of refining certain metals. Thus:

They are covered with dirt and put in a furnace. When the time is ripe for the effect of the heat on the molecules, the metal is taken out and cleaned of its artificial envelop. It appears a refined metal.

In order to know the professor's real worth, you covered him in your imagination with suspicions. One by one you studied these suspicions. One by one they were destroyed and

replaced by a contrary quality. You established his worth through your clear-sightedness.

Thus caution must also be rational in order to be prudence, and not an absolute wrong belief in evil.

Thus you may say: "Such a one seems a good man. Yet he may only be wearing the mask of goodness. Let's wait and see."

But you should not say: "Such a one seems a good man. Perhaps he only wears a mask. He must certainly be bad."

The latter opinion is caution, vicious and detrimental. The former, wisdom and prudence.

It is the intermediary between trust and the absolute defect of blind suspicion.

Why is caution, properly exercised, useful in acquiring personality?

When I was a child I had an adventure of which I should like to tell you. From it we shall later draw conclusions adapted to the idea which concerns us.

Going for a walk alone near a big ford, where at night the stock of the farm went to drink, I discovered among the reeds on the bank, completely sheltered from the path which overhung the shore, the nest of a water fowl. There were

three eggs in it. Much excited and very happy I ran to the village. Meeting another boy I told him of my discovery. We started off together for the place where the mysterious nest was hidden. Only to look at it, I thought. When we got there my companion screamed like a peacock, commenced to stamp around and dashed into the reeds. Alarmed for the safety of the pretty nest I forbade him to touch it. I also began to scream, pleaded with him, wept.

The little rascal flew into a terrible rage, mauled me about until he pushed me into the water and threw stones at me. Then he seized the nest and ran away with it, leaving me alone to get out of the ford, my feet stuck in the mud. I was overcome with fear and beside myself with sorrow at the rape of the pretty nest of the poor bird, which had been scared into the taller bushes and clucked shrilly.

Human beings are like the little comrade in my story. Never confide to them the discovery of anything. They will possess themselves of it and leave you there, poorer, alone and destitute.

If you have no fear that they will take your treasure, at least have fear of their envious

jealousy, which is enemy of all personality, of everything except the ordinary and commonplace.

Envy is the great enemy of personality. Try to root it out and disarm it. Make it helpless.

Here is another story to elucidate our dry definitions:

Two young friends, both painters, were much attached to each other and very poor. One day one of these young men confided to the other a stroke of good luck that had come to him. He had found a rich collector who was in love with his style of painting. Fortune was on its way!

A sting of envy suddenly poisoned the friendship of the friend still in obscurity and difficulty. He was unhappy because he did not share this good luck.

Together they go to their home. The chosen one of the collector shows with pride the painting which has been picked out, sold, ready to be packed. The friends have supper and go to bed.

An hour passes. The jealous one does not sleep, but pretends to snore loudly. The other does not sleep either. He is too excited over his success, but also pretends to sleep, ashamed of his excitement and enervation.

Suddenly, the jealous one gets up, listens, glances around, then slips quietly out of the room. Surprized, his friend in turn gets up, listens, glances around.

What is his comrade doing? Why does he go with stealthy steps into the dark studio?

Uneasy, the young man follows, hides in the doorway and watches.

The jealous one has uncovered the painting that is sold. He goes to the window, through which a clear cold moon is shining. His teeth grind in rage as he talks to himself. Then with a quick movement he stands before the picture and seizing a paint brush, flourishes it in sketching motion toward the canvas. The one watching, suddenly understands. Transfixed with horror and grief he gives one cry and rushes back to his bed.

The evil-doer, aghast, runs after him.

What happens?

The broken-hearted friend makes up his mind what he must do! Repentant, he comes to the bed, stammering:

"Pardon, I was mad, envy—jealousy——."

The other moved as if waking from a deep sleep.

"Hey? What?"

"Why did you cry out? Did you see me?"

"See whom, what? Did I cry out? I was asleep. Why are you waking me up? What's the matter?

Reassured, the traitor keeps quiet, gets back to bed and this time goes to sleep.

Then the other gets up. He examines his painting, finds it intact, and puts it silently away in a safe place. Early the next morning he carries it off to the purchaser.

Thus envy does harm, works destruction; detected, disarmed, it is inoffensive. This rescue of the successful painter was due to a clear-sighted and adroit caution.

Act like the friend of the painter. Mistrust and watch those who are jealous. Discovery never makes an enemy for you. You are forewarned, but keep quiet. Feign ignorance in holding yourself intelligently on the defensive.

Envy is a wall which raises itself between friendships.

Do not give way to the wall, for the chances are that in falling it will probably crush some one, perhaps you.

The general principle is that every one out of the ordinary has enemies because he is superior. Human beings have a horror of being

dominated. They want to stand alone. They hate naturally that which towers above them. They are jealous of any one more independent than themselves. Instinctively they cast an obstacle in the way of one who surpasses them.

Be cautious, then, and while being cautious, be superficially unsuspecting and calm. Always remember this: "No one is more spiteful than an enemy who knows that he has been detected."

To impress one's established personality, one must be congenial with others. Cater to the judgment of others until it becomes favorable. It is certainly not an easy task. But in this world, one acquires nothing without effort and after you have worked over yourself to bring out your originality, you must rise above the common herd. You must make the best of what you have before men just as your particular endowment has come to a life of its own from the chaos of your being.

This is the unique goal to strive for. It is the great impulse that should form the central point of your determination.

And again remember this:

"It is not men who govern life, it is their desires."

La Rochefoucauld says:

"Human desires are the motive power of all men. They cause all the good and all the bad we see around us. They have the greatest sway over the intelligence and the will."

He says also:

"Egotism, self-esteem, is the sole instigator of the fundamental human passions. Envy and jealousy spring directly from them. Their refinements surpass those of chemistry. They exist in all classes of life and under all conditions. There are no worse enemies than they, sly and crafty, whom one must be careful not to offend."

The art of living may be summed up thus:

"Spare the feelings of others."

"Society is full of mines," says another philosopher, "be careful not to strike one. You will cause an explosion and be blown up yourself. You can never take too many precautions to avoid such a catastrophe."

CHAPTER V

MISTAKES TO BE AVOIDED

First: Too much self-confidence.
Secondly: Lack of delicacy.
Thirdly: False success.

If you find within yourself personal endowments of distinction, do not be too vain of them. Do not make the great mistake of having too much confidence in yourself. To do so would be an error, a step toward the ruin of these useful gifts, which are your lot by nature.

Instead of exaggerating your own worth, underrate it. The sacrifice to your pride will open your eyes unmistakably.

Too great a self-confidence is a weakness. It destroys energy, the desire to struggle and to win.

As we proceed always by affording an instance, let me tell you the following:

Two children are about to write the same composition.

Peter is very intelligent—has great fluency and ease;

Paul is less brilliant, less apt at either study or comprehension.

Peter and Paul have an equal desire to be first.

Paul is conscious of his deficiencies, of the difference that separates him from his comrade. Yet he studies and strives with sustained and energetic diligence.

Peter knows that he is clever. He is conscious of his facility, the gift that makes the great difference between him and his comrade. He relies on his memory and on the minimum of effort he has to make.

His mother says:

"Peter, my child, do study!"

Peter shrugs his shoulders with a self-sufficient air and replies:

"Bah! an examination with Paul! What does it amount to?"

The examination takes place. Peter and Paul write their papers. The result is: Paul is first; Peter, second.

Peter, the clever person, can not believe it. How did it happen?

A voice tells him whisperingly: "Often one

believes that one is much better than one really is."

Thus we see that over-confidence is harmful:

First: To the building of one's intimate personality, because in knowing that one has the necessary endowment, one fails to cultivate it and bring it out against one's rival in the test of success. Of course, one is unfair to oneself, but the worst of it is that outsiders think:

"This person will never amount to anything."

If one fails in one's own estimation, consider what it means to fail in the opinion of others.

Secondly: Another fatal defect of over-confidence is that it prevents one from making the true impression of one's personality on others.

Let us say that you have created in yourself a sense really personal. You have great originality, and the pride to make it known and influential on whomsoever you meet. With confidence you are strong and will succeed. At the same time, in order that this power of confidence may not degenerate into brutality, do not work it to excess.

Force impresses itself and wins, but brutality wounds and irritates. In truth, force and brutality are the two revelations of reasonable confidence and exaggerated confidence.

Force appears to me in fair fight between two adversaries. Each asserts his strength, his science, his skill. The winner is the better man, and wins prestige, glory and profit from his victory.

The vanquished can not but admire his opponent, and feels a sort of pride in having had the opportunity to measure himself with such a foe.

Brutality appears in an unequal battle, fierce, without art and without science. The victor is the more savage, the greater scoundrel, the more crafty. He reaps contemptible profit from his conquest.

The vanquished one feels only hate for him, and the desire for another fight in which he himself may make use of the same unscrupulous methods.

People who perceive the over-confidence in this display have the same thought in their minds:

"A good setback is a good lesson."

No one likes to see an arrogant person. He offends. He is a reckless fool that throws himself singing and unarmed into the fray. Misfortune will be his portion, for at the first assault, he is pitilessly crusht.

The man who has too much confidence in himself has generally a narrow and false outlook. He inspires hate and contempt, unconsciously antagonizes everybody. If he blunders no one will come to his help. Every one laughs at him and has a little sermon ready which makes him meditate, but a little too late, on his claim to over-confidence.

X—— the mountebank was a "strong man." He won the admiration of all who came to his shows. Also he annoyed them with his insolent airs.

X—— had confidence in himself, too much confidence, really.

When asked to do difficult and unexpected turns, he gave a conceited, irritating little smile that rasped every one.

When some one proposed to him that he do this or that, he agreed, with the secret thought, very human on account of his conceit:

"If you would only make yourself ridiculous, I should be satisfied."

But, notwithstanding all this, the mountebank always came out of his difficulties with skill and art, and always with his cursed, braggart little smile.

"Will nobody ever be able to teach him a lesson?"

This was the remark that followed the exclamation of admiration but preceded the grimace of the mountebank, which said to each observer clearly:

"After me, you know . . . you can hunt forever. I am the only one. I irritate you—but here I am."

One Sunday X—— was lifting his weights. Having accomplished many feats, he placed himself suddenly in the middle of the stage and, crowing like a rooster in his sparkling tights, launched his jest to the audience:

"And now, who can show me anything? Whose turn is it?"

Usually, there was a murmur in the crowd, but naturally no one ever moved, and for good reason.

But that day, a voice spoke out:

"I'm your man, X——. The gloves, old sport. We'll box."

A strapping big country fellow advanced toward the stage.

X—— nonplussed, got red in the face and answered:

"I do not box."

Then an unheard-of thing happened. The whole audience rose as one man and pushed the big stranger toward X—— and on to the stage.

Everybody shouted:

"We'll have some boxing! We'll have some boxing!"

X—— was forced to put on the gloves and put up his hands. Altho the stranger proceeded with care, X—— suddenly fell to the ground stunned by a well-placed blow.

There was a storm of bravos and laughter.

On the whole the occurrence threw a gloom over the assembly.

Some of the sensitive regretted having pushed the stranger into fight with one ignorant of the noble art. Yet nobody really thought of the inequality of the match, or of its absurdity. They were all too pleased to see X—— thrown down and incapable for once of making his little insolent and quizzing grimace, as if to say:

"That puzzles you, does it? But there it is. After me, you know ——."

And when poor X—— came out of his faint, he had to stand the jokes of the crowd. This was worse than the knockout he had received, which left his body sore.

Nevertheless, the lesson was a wholesome one, and he recovered suddenly, so to speak, from his conceit.

Therefore, do not indulge in over-confidence. To do so is most injurious to yourself. It stands in the way of your aim to originality; and gives arms to your enemy, the outside world. The latter, we know, is the most difficult to conquer, because it is distrustful, envious, jealous, and holds in its palm the collective power of fame.

Very often over-confidence, carried to excess, implicates another defect, equally injurious. This is the lack of delicacy.

First of all what is delicacy?

Delicacy is the quality formed of the union of tact, adroitness, vision, and kindliness.

To lack delicacy is to be wanting in all these qualities which are so useful to pleasant intercourse with others.

Tact is the fruit of intelligent judgment, a sort of faculty of the senses. In the material sense of the word tact means to touch. In the moral sense, tact means the art of knowing how to touch the soul gently, the art of getting to it without brutality, delicately, with care and precaution.

Vision is the power of divination. It is wise, shrewd, subtle.

Delicacy always includes a certain kindness, regard for the sensibilities of others, respect for their opinions, charity for their errors.

Perhaps it is from this very kindness that flow all the other qualities which make up delicacy. One can not imagine a person of delicacy deprived of kindness, even if a kind person does not have delicacy, which, by the way, is rare, as the most silly person who is kind finds in this quality infinite resources which give him a sort of education, intelligence, and native sensibility.

Lack of delicacy impedes the assertion of personality. The reason is always the same. Humanity is a formidable monster to be controlled in order to prevent it from being a terrible enemy. One might as well play with dynamite as to play with human nature.

Those who lack delicacy do not know how to treat this terrible enemy. They go ahead stubbornly and blindly, always with the same result. As long as things go easily, as long as they are strong, all is well; but at the least false move, the enemy, full of rancor, falls upon them and beats them.

If the man without delicacy is not strong and

powerful, the way is blocked for him by all the reproaches he brings upon himself, all the annoyance he has incurred. His talents, his endowment avail him nothing. He can not make them welcome. The struggle is bitter, and, what is more, to assert himself he must change his character, and acquire those qualities which he lacks to overcome the mass.

There is a true and popular saying, which reads:

"More flies are caught with honey than vinegar."

Indelicacy is the vinegar, delicacy is the honey. Delicacy attracts and charms, makes people both pleased and satisfied.

Humanity is drawn toward those who have proved a source of physical and moral health. It has little else but suffering, and absence of this suffering attracts.

As in summer one is attracted to new places, to the rivers and forests; in winter to the sheltered cities where there is comfort; so men who are tired out, unhappy, wounded, are attracted to him who avoids hurting them, who knows how to pity them and not awaken any pain, who can soothe their wounds quickly and with kindness. Such is the man of delicacy. He holds

for society the attraction of satisfaction and relief. All things are possible to him, because he understands how to assert himself skilfully through his consideration of others.

Delicacy is the hidden trap which the individual sets for humanity in order to make of it a devoted servant.

The man who "gets there," or the "*arriviste*," as he is termed in French, has only one thought: "Attain the end."

"No faith, no law," is his unique device. No useless friendship. No word, no move unless it leads to his end.

For the one who can be useful to him, the "*arriviste*" redounds with all ability and quality. To the one who is of no use to him, he is himself, that is to say, cynical, brutal, without heart, without soul. Little by little the crowd of useless ones grows about him, masses itself and becomes at length a formidable enemy that he has made for himself, whose terrifying voice is sometimes so powerful, as to be in itself enough to assure the failure of the "*arriviste*."

The "*arriviste*" is the courtier of success and the tyrant of sincerity. But sincerity sometimes takes her revenge. She unmasks the tyrant, abandons the courtier, kills his reputa-

tion, deprives him of his prestige, and makes of him a simple adventurer on whom offended success turns its back.

Success is power, but if it comes in false guise, it makes an enemy of all men.

Mr. T—— is a business man. When you knew him, a few years ago, he was a simple little employee, just like you.

He was a good fellow, at least you thought so. You were told, however—but there are so many slanderers about, that you did not pay much attention to rumor. Somebody told you that T—— was friendly with you because you were a generous friend and an accommodating one, and that being poor, he found it to his advantage.

Now, however, T—— is in a good position. Why? Again somebody tells you that he got it through intrigue and flattery into the good graces of a very rich old miser. You are told that after the death of this rich old miser T—— married his daughter, who is an invalid and very ugly. This surprizes you somewhat, because T—— has already presented you to his fiancée, whom he had known since childhood. She was young, pretty and very poor.

Chance puts you in the way of your old friend, one Sunday. T—— is driving in a superb motor car, seated next to a woman, stooped of shoulder and plain, his wife. Decidedly you find no resemblance to his former fiancée.

T—— chats with you, asks how you are getting on, invites you to come to his house within a few days to a friendly dinner-party.

You arrive at T——'s house and meet distinguished company, which is rather mixed, perhaps. You are really astonished at T——'s affluence, at his fine manners, at his friendliness to all these people.

In a small anteroom you overhear the following conversation, which makes you take T—— for a marvel.

Prince X——: "I say, T——, lend me twenty-five dollars, I'm broke."

T——: "Why, of course, old chap. Here's your money.

"You know my purse is always open to my friends."

T—— comes to you and says:

"At last I've found you. I have so many friends that I couldn't get to you before now."

You inquire about the lady of the house, who does not appear at table.

T—— answers quickly, and his sudden brusqueness impresses you:

"My wife is not well, she has a slight headache." He smiles in a winning way as he adds: "It is a feminine weakness that is not very dangerous."

You are entirely reassured and serenely enjoy the pleasant evening: a good dinner, fine wines, excellent cigars, cheerful atmosphere, music, and friendship.

T—— sits beside you in chat.

"Are you still in the department?" he asks. "Is Z—— there still? Have you as great confidence in department secrets as in my time?"

You answer, but with reserve. More and more the care of secret documents has become your duty.

T—— takes great interest in your post, and becomes excited about it. He is an excellent friend all the same, altho everybody calumniates him, poor fellow.

You have seen T—— often since then. You go regularly to his friendly little parties. Mrs. T—— is never present, but what difference does that make? You do not know her, and each man can best manage his own affairs, you think.

On the other hand T—— showers attentions

on you. You have either trips in the automobile, wonderful dinners, wonderful parties, or visits without ceremony. You are proud and overwhelmed, really. T—— comes to your office in the department and amuses himself like a boy rummaging about. You laugh at him heartily.

Three days ago T—— came and drove you to the department in the morning. He took you out to a hearty luncheon with him, then drove you back. Since then you have not seen him.

Last night you were much worried. An important document was missing. You looked for it in vain. Where can it be? Grave events would supervene if this document should be lost. Peril lies in the fact that any one should find it and use it. What can be done? You go to T——. He has such good connections and is such a friend of yours.

Usually at T——'s house you are not announced. You call as one of the family. This morning the servant inquires:

"Whom shall I say?"

You state your name and position in rather a high tone of voice. This rascal is simply a stupid footman. With a chilly smile, you wait.

T—— will come from his room and sharply reprimand the servant who treats you as a stranger.

But T—— does not appear.

The servant comes back to tell you:

"Monsieur has gone out."

Gone out! Why he never gets up before eleven o'clock! What luck!

You could swear, as you cross the courtyard, that you descry the silhouette of T—— behind the window curtains. But are you ungrateful or has misfortune turned your head that you imagine T—— would not receive you if he were at home?

And yet, why not? You return later to T——'s house. You are informed he has left the city.

You do not see T—— for three months. Meanwhile you have lost your position. The grave events following your heedlessness have put you in prison for a time.

Your great friend, away on a long journey has, no doubt, given no sign of life.

One Sunday, just as in the past, you meet T——. As before he is in a fine motor car. With him is a lady whom you recognize as the wife of a government official. You bow to T——.

But T—— who is driving very fast must not have seen you. He almost runs over you as he suddenly puts on more speed.

Some months pass. One morning on opening the daily paper, you read that T—— has been appointed a minister of the government.

You send him your congratulations, but receive no answer. That however is pardonable. A government official is a very busy man. You go to call on him. At his house, you immediately receive audience. Can this really be T——, this cold, reserved man, who meets you with an air both tired and hurried, almost impolite?

"My friend, I have lost my position," you say. "It happened directly after your last visit to my office. The matter was hushed up, but I had to get out."

T—— answers: "Ah, is that so?"

It is as if he did not know you.

Nevertheless, all things considered, he ought to help you. The visit comes to an end. Your friend rises first. "Excuse me," he says. "I'm worked to death." He rings.

"Show the gentleman out."

For the first time you suddenly hate this man, this bad friend, whose good fortune has

made him so hard, so indifferent, so insensible to your misfortunes. You feel now that you are one of the crowd who formerly said of him:

"He is a trickster. He is no good except for his own interest."

At the same time you wonder why he was so agreeable to you formerly, before your ill-fortune? Perhaps T—— is ashamed of being seen with you. He undoubtedly knows what had happened. He believes you guilty. Truly you are most unfortunate. But at least, the attitude of T—— is partly explained.

Well, things are as they are. You have to dispense with this good connection and resign yourself to your unhappy lot.

T—— continues to rise, you to go down. T—— has enemies as have all those in power. At last they attack him. Who attack him?

The prince, to whom in your hearing T—— lent money. Another, whose doctor's bills he paid. A third, who lived with him, being too poor to have a home. What is more, T—— is divorced from his invalid wife. The plain woman demands a separation from this young and handsome husband, so vigorous and amiable. Unconsciously you become one of this horde of rebels.

Some one knocks at your door. Who is it?

Mrs. T——, the invalid, the plain woman. She is there, and pitifully gentle.

"My poor man, what trouble I have had to find you," she says. "But at last I am here. How poor you are."

You tell her of your misfortune. Slowly she shakes her head.

"Yes—yes—I know. You, too, are one of his victims."

Then rapidly, and in tears, she tells the story of her life with T——. He knew the way to win the confidence of her old uncle, who was miserly and sick. He knew the way to win the confidence of the helpless orphan, make her his wife, because she was the only heir to an immense fortune. The first months of married life were happy days for the poor invalid. T—— was loving and kind, he anticipated her slightest wish so often and so appropriately that, before her notary, the wife signed a deed which transferred to T——, her tender husband, the entire principal of the fortune.

The fortune once his, the man changed completely. The invalid found herself shut away in the farthest end of the house, far

from the dinners and gay parties that were being given with her money.

Rich and free, a man of affairs, T—— wished to be richer still and powerful, to become somebody of importance. He intrigued to that end.

There was Prince X——, whom he entertained at great expense. He was a spy, a go-between at a foreign court. A source of great profit to T——.

There was another, who lived with him, a thief, a purveyor of decorations that were sold at a high price to those keen to have them.

There was a third, whose doctor and nursing bills were so generously paid. He was a secret agent, a scandal-monger from whom one could get money and position.

All these good friends T—— kept round him because they rendered him mysterious services.

"The woman whom you saw driving with him was the wife of a government official who helped to raise my husband to the ministry, in return for bills paid by T—— to her dressmaker," she adds.

You hear all this dumbfounded. A monstrous truth comes to light in your brain. At the same time you thrust it from you. It is too horrible.

But Mrs. T—— continues, impartially, implacably:

"And you, my poor man, do you realize what you served for? Do you know why you were shown so much courtesy?

"You were in the government service. You were the guardian of important documents. Do you understand?

"When the document was lost, it was in the hands of T——. It was he who ruined you in order to continue on his way. As long as he needed you, he was perfect. Later he threw you over as an encumbrance, useless, perhaps dangerous."

And what do you call T——? An intriguer, an adventurer, a dishonest man.

Not at all, he is an *"arriviste,"* an arriver, the man who succeeds by hook or by crook.

He is an arriver in the whole meaning of the word, one who gets rid of everything that stands in his way. He is a man without heart, sensibility or kindness, in the depths of whose soul there is one desire only, one aim:

To arrive.

Now hear the end of the story:

One day T—— made a false move. The slip brought to light his vulnerable side. From

that moment he was no longer the formidable man before whom all had to bow, whether they wanted to or not. He became a man like all others with their weaknesses. By reason of these weaknesses he was undone.

Once overthrown, all his victims, all his accomplices, all those whom he had made suffer or who were envious of him, flung themselves upon him, and destroyed him. They leveled accusations against him in such a manner as to complete his downfall, accomplish his ruin, and cause his death. Nobody came forward to help him. All turned aside with indifference.

And this is the story of an arriver. Sooner or later he falls from his pedestal, and is broken and remains broken.

He is a brilliant, powerful personality, but how ephemeral.

The arriver may be compared to a giant fortress which is built on a volcano. Of what importance is its triple walls, its ammunition, its drawbridges, its guards? The danger, the peril does not come from without. It lies in its own bosom.

Certainly success is of great help in the creation and assertion of personality. But

success of any worth, the true secret talisman, we shall see a little farther on in this book.

But false success, as it appears generally, is a serious error against one's personal good, and a war declared against other people. The others are always the victors and you the disgraced.

CHAPTER VI

EXAGGERATED ERRORS

Finickiness, False Delicacy—Lack of Self-Confidence—Lack of Balance in One's Qualities

THAT man whom you see there, who looks poor and who timidly keeps in the background is a man of great worth. You seem surprized to hear this and you smile with a suspicion of skepticism. Nevertheless listen to his story:

When he was a young boy he showed a very superior intelligence and great shrewdness in his classes. At fifteen years of age he passed first in his examinations and received a scholarship. But he had a friend, a poor boy whose parents had ruined themselves to give their son an education and make "a gentleman" of him. Our young man arranged that his scholarship be given to this friend. He himself was the son of parents in easy circumstances, and felt that the scholarship was given to him

wrongly. In consequence he corrected what he considered the error to the best of his ability.

Some years later an advantageous post was offered him as secretary to an important personage. He learned that he was to replace the son of a family which he visited. This young man was wild and somewhat dull. The former scholarship man had been recommended to the important personage as able to perform admirably the duties of secretary, and thus achieve a brilliant future.

Because he was afraid of offending the family, of giving pain to the young man, of seeming before the world an adventurer in quest of the position, our scholarship friend declined to accept the offer made him.

A girl loved him. Also he had a lively affection for her. She was fabulously rich. They were thrown together during several months. Every day the young girl waited anxiously for a declaration of his love, but the declaration was never made. She married another man out of pique. He attended the ceremony and suffered to such an extent that he was carried away in a faint, fell ill of a serious fever and in his delirium called incessantly the name of the woman newly wed. This is how she learned

with what fervor he had loved her. But she was rich and he almost poor. False delicacy had sealed his lips.

Having engaged a cab one day, he found in it a magnificent diamond bracelet. He took the bracelet to the commissioner of police. At the end of a year and a day he was summoned by the authorities and the bracelet was returned as belonging henceforth to him. His wife was delighted at the idea of owning such a piece of jewelry. But he never would accept the windfall. He gave it to the police.

He put some profitable business in the way of a lawyer. The lawyer offered the young man a commission. Altho poor, our friend objected strongly and made a great fuss as tho he were dishonored. Nor did he ever put his foot inside the lawyer's office again.

He earned about forty dollars a month in his position. At the end of a year his employer offered to raise his salary ten dollars, but he would not accept it.

"I will not do any more work," he said, "so I do not deserve the increase. Give me more work to do, so that I may earn that extra money."

I cite a few such details in his life that I know

of. But I am probably ignorant of many others. What do you think of this man?

"To speak frankly, the man is a fool."

"He is, indeed, to all appearances."

"Tell me, what do you call a man who since his early youth lets fortune, chance, love, profit, pass by him for a few childish and trifling notions?"

"He is a fool, in my opinion."

"Well, you are right. He is timorous, over-nice, and lacks balance."

There are many people like him. As a usual thing nature has deprived them of intelligence, of ways to succeed. They have, as everybody else, the desire to become some one, but life is incomprehensible to them. They are too honest, they have the stupidity of too much delicacy. They do not realize they represent "one" in a big crowded world. They are good, they are generous, they are brave. They are the Don Quixotes of kindness and virtue. They are grotesque and saddening.

Nobody admires them. They are inexplicable. One laughs at them and gets angry with them, for they are fearful phenomena and severe judges. The best of us does not like to feel their glance. One may be without stain in a

crowd, but before this superhuman being one feels as if he were defiled.

Such a man walks through life lost in a dream which lasts until death. His career is unheard-of, strange. It is a misfortune to be one of his family, for to wife and children he is an obstacle, unless one leaves him to his sublime folly and goes elsewhere to fight according to right and interest.

Do not imitate the over-delicate. They are visionaries who hopelessly deform the aspect of life. Fight conscientiously, and miss no trick of defense and attack.

Humanity is, as it were, primeval, wood-tenanted with ferocious beasts. One must know how to fight and defend oneself.

Savage beasts do not understand how to be friendly and caressing. It would be veritable madness to go among them and talk to them with a gentle voice and give them dainties to eat. Look out for the claws and teeth, you imprudent over-delicate ones!

Can wild animals who live by blood and slaughter, who know nothing but crime and fear, understand gentleness? Can men who live only by struggling and suffering injustices understand virtue?

The horizon of men, on the way to what is good, is obscured for a long time by a pall of darkness. Human beings are incapable of seizing the signification of the word integrity. When a being of superiority is among us and takes the trouble to enlighten us by making an example of himself, we are incapable of understanding him.

Do not fill the rôle on earth of a holy apostle. It is a ridiculous and empty personality which ends in nothing but disillusion and sorrow.

There is another powerful obstacle opposed to personality. This is the lack of self-confidence. This lack produces a number of defects, all very harmful.

He who has no confidence in himself is timid. He is afflicted with the detrimental defect which entirely paralyzes the soul, and the body.

A timid man is a soul without a body, and a body without a soul. He is always without the means to exist, express himself, to be himself.

What good are the gifts of nature: intelligence, originality, beauty, if you lack confidence in yourself?

He who lacks confidence is jealous of it, with a jealousy composed of envy and fear.

He who lacks confidence in himself is faint-

hearted. He is tempted to pitiful acts. He gets along by the aid of base means, when he might with honor win victory. But he does not know this because he understands himself so little.

Miss I—— is a pupil of the conservatoire. Her voice is very pretty, at least every one says so. She alone does not know it. She is terribly nervous when she sings, for she does not recognize the delicate charm of her voice. Among her friends she knows how to appreciate talent and grace, but with herself she lacks confidence.

One night she is to sing at the house of a celebrity. If she is noticed, the little pupil may be helped very quickly to victory and a future.

In her place others would be proud and happy.

Miss I—— is only distrest, trembling and nervous. She is very shy.

She enters, charming in her fresh costume. She is very pretty and the rose-tint of her cheeks, due to nervousness, becomes her wonderfully. If her lips were not reddened they would be livid, which is much less becoming.

Usually she is gracious and smiling. This evening she is serious and silent, she trembles. This attitude makes her seem hostile, proud,

haughty to these people who can not guess the weakness in this pretty girl which counteracts all the graces that nature has endowed her with.

Straight, flushed, rigid, without a word or a look, she awaits the hour for her performance as a victim awaits the hour of torture. The effect this makes on her friends, who can do so much for her future, is deplorable. The little singer is fairly blind with timidity. She is no longer herself. She is a person from whom intelligence has departed, and who is being slowly absorbed by some force terrible and strange.

It is now her turn. She stumbles to the platform. Her knees give way beneath her. She is so frightened that she hardly hears the prelude. Her ears ring. She misses the opening bars of music, becomes aware of it, grows very pale, stops, becomes distracted and begins to cry.

The effect is indescribable. Miss I—— may as well never try to sing again. Her career has been ruined this evening. It is a shame, too, for she is talented. But what good is talent when timidity clutches you, strangles you, kills you.

C—— is a lawyer, he is married and has a charming wife, very elegant, very fashionable.

C—— is a handsome fellow, with plenty of

brains, and he has attained some measure of success at the bar.

His wife looks very beautiful to-day, and at this little dance to which the couple have come, she is surrounded by many admirers. C——, in a corner of the room, bites his lip and suffers. The hostess notices it and joins him.

"What's the matter, my friend? You seem ill," she says.

"I'm all right, only I'm simply furious."

"For heaven's sake, what about?"

"Just look at my wife."

"She is very pretty and her dress is lovely."

"Oh, she knows that well enough."

"And you are angry about it?"

"On account of her shamelessness, yes."

"Her shamelessness? But what is she doing, the poor thing?"

"Old Z—— is talking down her neck; the young Z—— follows her like a poodle dog; big D—— is leaning over her with two much familiarity."

"Oh, there is nothing to fear from them!"

"Nothing to fear ——."

"But, my dear friend, there is a big mirror back of you; will you turn around, please? What do you see in it? A handsome, well-set-

up young man, with thick hair, a waxed mustache, and an elegant appearance. Speak and listen to your inward voice, to its sympathetic murmuring. How can you fear old X——, young Z——, big D——? One of them is bald, the second stutters, the third looks like a street porter.

"Have you then no self-confidence? How little you appreciate yourself.

"Learn to esteem yourself better and your jealousy will be cured.

"There, your wife is looking at us. She can not hide her thoughts, her worry, her fear at seeing us together. She knows well that my thirty years stand no chance against her twenty-five; that my hair, tho arranged with care, is not the equal of her magnificent head of hair; that my rich dress does not eclipse her light and springlike costume. She is intelligent, she is clear-sighted, she judges perfectly right. She has confidence in herself. It is a mighty force, is self-confidence. Follow your wife's example; imitate her, you big timorous man, judge of yourself with less injustice. It is tempting destiny not to know and make the most of what is given to us, for to all it grants a claim to something worth while."

G—— and M—— both have a picture to exhibit at the exhibition of painting. G—— has talent. M—— has none. M—— has self-confidence. G—— is quite the contrary.

M—— comes to see his work and departs rubbing his hands together and soliloquizes:

"What a daub compared to my canvas. What a mess!"

G—— looks bitterly at M——'s work and goes away broken-hearted, trembling. Later he sits before his picture and groans:

"There is nothing in it, nothing. This confounded M——! he has at least something in his head."

His fear kills all G——'s artistic sense. It unbalances him so that he is blind about himself, and deludes himself about others.

The exhibition opens. G—— is almost insane. In the absence of M——, G—— goes to his studio and basely, madly, blotches over his painting and escapes.

He himself exhibits, is given the prize. His painting, which is very beautiful, brings a big price.

Wishing in his heart to know what would have happened to M—— without his criminal action, he brings an amateur to visit the painter's

studio. On leaving the amateur confides to him:

"He did right not to exhibit, for, even before the accident, his painting was worth nothing. What a horror! Neither sense of color nor drawing! How can one paint like that, and how can you as an artist find any talent in your friend?"

The amateur did not know that G—— was afflicted with lack of self-confidence and that the winning of the medal at the exhibition had surprized him, that he still thought himself inferior, and that he had behaved badly to save what he believed his good luck, but what was really his merit.

Acting in this way, G—— is ignorant of his talent and does not appreciate his own gift. He does not cultivate his art which he does not ever recognize. Notwithstanding a kindly destiny, the painter will never assert or establish his personality.

Lack of confidence destroys in his mind all possibility of succeeding. He is one of those who say:

"I was born to vegetate. I'll never have any luck."

He is one of those who dare not launch out, even in good weather, for fear of a storm.

Men of muscle they are who allow their

strength to lie idle and rust away. They are useless and deceptive creatures. They are as ground where the good grain sowed is lost for lack of intelligent culture.

The world is full of people who have no faith in themselves. And this blind crowd of unbelievers make up the worthless, the envious, the jealous. Lack of confidence gives birth to hate and crime.

How many miserable men would never know the horror of remorse if they had understood a little how to seek within themselves and recognize the treasures that a generous nature gives in proportion to every one.

Lack of confidence and the evils which result from it bring to mind a story showing we must always seek within ourselves the gifts nature has given us, before losing hope and confidence.

When Claire, the woodcutter's wife, became a mother, she had two little girls. While she was alone the fairy of the forest came to see her and said: "Be happy with your two daughters, you will never be in want. When they are of an age to marry, I will come back." And she named them Hawthorne and Eglantine, and disappeared.

And for long after the woodcutter's family were very happy.

Hawthorne and Eglantine reached the age of twenty years and they had never seen their godmother, the fairy again. One evening they were knitting at the foot of an old oak when they saw a great light and suddenly, a beautiful woman, clad in floating veils, descended on a silver ray. Her voice was melodious when she spoke to the young girls, who were a little frightened:

"Eglantine, Hawthorne, I am your godmother. You are twenty years of age, here are your two husbands, look at them!"

The two woodcutter's daughters quickly turned their heads and saw two fine young men coming toward them, woodcutters like their father, and they blushed with pleasure.

They were married and the fairy came to the wedding. Everybody expected she would give a magnificent present to her goddaughters, but she only gave a rustic cottage and a little garden, and smiled mysteriously, taking the hands of the young girls and saying:

"Active hands find fortune. Idle hands find dust and ashes." And she disappeared on a golden ray to the top of the big oak.

As soon as Eglantine was in her little cottage and garden she went singing to work. The furniture shone, the tiles became bright and ruddy. White curtains shaded the windows. In the garden the flowers blossomed and vegetables thrived.

Hawthorne, not so courageous, sat in a chair embroidering. Her furniture was dusty, the windows dirty, and the earth in the garden all dried up.

One night the two husbands did not come home. They never came back.

Eglantine was sad, but the little cottage was always cheerful, prosperous, and clean.

Hawthorne was sad for misery had entered her abode.

She conceived a great jealousy for her sister, and one night she started out to discover by what secret Eglantine was victorious over poverty.

She arrived at the little cottage and found Eglantine asleep in bed. Roughly she awoke her and said to her:

"You are rich and I am poor. Why? Have you made a pact with the devil, or has our godmother forgotten me to think only of you?"

Eglantine was much surprized at the visit of

her sister, and, above all, at her angry tone of voice. She answered:

"Our good godmother is watching over us and brings every day a present which is a talisman of life. What have you done with it, Hawthorne, what is the matter with you, and why are you so dirty?"

Hawthorne was in tatters and her face was dirty and her hair all matted.

"Where is your talisman?"

"Here," and Eglantine took from a little bag a large white stone. She turned it three times, and there appeared on the table white bread, wine, fire in the stove, and hemp on the spinning wheel.

The thrifty woman put the loaf and the wine in the arms of her sister and said:

"Go and come back to-morrow."

But hardly had the bread and the wine touched the hands of the poor woodcutter's wife than they fell in ashes to the floor.

And a little voice made itself heard.

"Active hands find fortune, idle hands find dust and ashes."

Hawthorne hurried back to the house and commenced to work. The furniture shone, the hearth gleamed. In the garden roses bloomed

and vegetables ripened. But the talisman never came. And one day, discouraged, Hawthorne commenced to cry.

"My house is curst. Only Eglantine is protected."

"Courage, Hawthorne, all your efforts are rewarded," and a pretty white stone fell in the folds of her apron.

From that time the two sisters were very happy and lived to a good old age without ever wanting for anything.

Our little story explains, in the form of a parable, how we must always seek within ourselves for the treasures that nature has put there.

The cottage of the woodcutter's wives is our soul. Do not leave it without work and culture. It is in taking care of it, in furnishing it, in tending it, in developing it according to the laws of life and science, that you will gain the talisman to overcome trouble and failure.

This talisman of the godmother of the woodcutter's wives, is the gift of your soul which you will learn, by hard work, to bring out and make fruitful. It is the personality which will result from your efforts and make another being of you, on whom will smile success and prosperity.

The faith that the little women had in their godmother is for you the faith in yourself, which bars all evil, attracts good qualities, and gives you the force and energy to assert yourself and succeed.

There is a third drawback to personality. It is the lack of balance in one's qualities.

Jack is very intelligent and highly gifted. Why is it that he remains obscure and that, among all his companions, he is the only one who can not find a situation?

Jack is intelligent and a hard worker, he is brave and courageous. As these are not the defects of foolishness, of idleness or timidity, what can it be that bars his way?

Jack is a blunderer. He has no method or system, no order, no balance in the exercise of his qualities.

When masons build a wall, of what good, I ask you, are the best materials if there is no one to supervise the work, to see that the base is solid and well placed? Of what good are the most solid bricks and good cement if they build the wall crooked, without balance? It will fail at the first high wind, at the first shock. The secret of real safety is the plumb-line.

Jack has no plumb-line. He builds his life in

a rattle-headed way, without rule or reason, with very good materials, but without balance and at every instant it is unsafe.

As long as Jack has this unhappy tendency, he will never succeed, for in life one of the first factors of success is order.

With a great load of natural gifts one is destitute, unless one have balance, while with only a few qualities and some order one can profit from life and gain a place in the world, and sometimes even create a personality.

Qualities carried to excess are as harmful to the creation of a personality as defects. Do not carry delicacy then to the point of foolishness, nor be absurdly modest. Do not harm yourself by trying to be too perfect, according to the rules of humility. Humility is a bad adviser. One must never follow it if one wants to hold a certain place, however small in the world.

Do not be humble, but modest, to the point of imparting confidence without irritating people.

Acquire balance in your natural gifts. Use them with order and discipline. You will thus succeed. Remember that disorder is:

"An infinitesimal thing that by small endeavor in time destroys a giant."

With the many qualities that nature has given

you, and which can make of you a successful man, disorder seems like a negligible defect, even amusing. It is a dwarf before the giant that forms your qualities. Nevertheless, take care. It is a gnawing worm which will arrive slowly but surely at your destruction and your incapacity.

PART II

PERSONALITY: HOW TO IMPRESS IT

CHAPTER I

BE ORIGINAL BUT RETAIN THE ESTEEM OF OTHERS

We have seen what personality is, what good qualities are necessary to its creation, its development, what defects are harmful to it. Personality is cultivated by investing oneself with those qualities which keep it alive, and ridding it of those defects which retard its progress toward success.

We have in our hands a power. How are we going to impress it on others in this world so difficult to convince?

First of all, to impress your personality, be yourself. Copy no one. Do not assume the manner or style of others. Follow your own temperament. Do not let any one say of you: "He has the manner of such and such a one." Make them say: "He is entirely original." Be that, and you will commence to be some one. You are already distinguished from many.

The world is full of people who imitate others,

who do not possess a single idea of their own, who follow all the styles without possessing one. Not to imitate any one and frankly follow that which your own self dictates is to assert a superiority.

Originality excites curiosity by its rarity. It is something sought after, admired and arouses interest.

One example of this love of personality, approved by the crowd, is fashion.

What is fashion, really?

It is an idea of how to dress, to talk, to sing or to eat, to build a house, to construct a carriage, or to lay out a garden. It is a new idea, unique, coming into notice from the brain of a personage or from an original person who is not like other people.

Immediately, whether it is good or bad, pretty or ugly, witty or ridiculous, the idea is taken up, copied with frenzy, imitated, duplicated in a million ways—and we have a fashion.

Like monkeys, men imitate actions that attract their attention. Fashion is their great folly, and the principle expression of their incapacity to be simply themselves. It dominates them and shows the extreme smallness of their mind.

Your special gifts will quickly bring success in this crowd so void of imagination. Learn to guard them preciously, and cultivate a spirit of discernment which will help you to understand their usefulness.

What is more important, make yourself esteemed. It will be your strength.

What is esteem? How can one be esteemed?

Esteem is the opinion one has of your worth, of your merits. To gain esteem, is to work to make others recognize your worth and your merits.

A difficult thing, but which you can do easily, through tact and shrewdness.

Win others, and to do that, study them. Find out their defects and qualities, and be clever enough to make the most of them.

Hide what you most resent. Learn to know where your interests lie and sacrifice much to them. Learn to acquire and keep what you have acquired.

Because a person has certain pretensions and makes himself ridiculous, shall you go frankly and tell him so? Certainly not. Be more clever than that. Flatter his absurdity with tact. Perhaps it may be of unexpected importance to you.

To succeed, all methods are good, provided they are honest. Not one of them is to be disdained.

Be strong, yet yielding. Dominate without appearing to do so. Rule while seeming to serve.

Avoid austerity, sorrow, and fatalism. The crowd abhors these things. It is bored with them. By reason of them you will be under question and you will never please. Nobody will want to help you.

Be genial without exaggeration. Express simply a sane and normal life which attracts and gives confidence. Sympathy and conquests will come to you. Everything about you will be amiable and pleasing. You will immediately find a thousand unexpected aids, unknown, spontaneous.

Finally, to strengthen yourself, increase your connections. It is through them that one's personality makes an impression.

When a man tries to win a reputation, the task is hard and arduous if he is alone. All the world is against him. It happens always on the principle that we have already spoken of, namely, "instinctive jealousy between individuals, horror of domination and superiority."

A man of good character takes his rank only when commended by some one of position, who has attained success, is known and is listened to. Alone, he risks disappointments, discouragements, the abandonment of his task or purpose, all the repeated knocks which will arrive from all sides.

"It is not good to be alone."

Be capable of strenuous endeavor and great perseverance, that discouragement may not come at an opportune moment and thereby lose for you the fruit of your good beginnings. Never be in too much of a hurry.

Travel slowly, surely and steadily; look clearly around you. Do not let others get ahead of you who started some time after you.

Finally, to make yourself esteemed, treat others kindly, give up haughtiness and pride also. Thus you will never mortify anybody, nor run the risk of being detested and surrounded by people who will count as a just vengeance the ruin of your hopes and your efforts.

Be plain and simple. What you lose in pride you gain in public cordiality which will be more useful to you than anything else.

In a sentence, to impress your personality, be an adroit arriver.

CHAPTER II

THE ADROIT ARRIVER

ARRIVER designates—we have already seen—the name of the man for whom all methods are good which tend to the fulfilment of his hopes and his end. Sometimes the methods crush the man, and often there are many victims by the roadside. It sometimes happens that these fallen ones rise again, recover their former forces, form, and, animated with resentment, hate and desperation, strike together a mortal blow to one of our failing arrivers and so precipitate his downfall.

In general the arriver is clumsy. In his haste to arrive he seeks a short-cut, and one that is nearly always the most dangerous.

The newspapers are full of the scandals of unmasked personalities, idols thrown to earth and trod upon, adventurers stript of their brilliant finery, now appearing wretched and discarded.

Shameful personalities! Clumsy arrivers! Blind strugglers!

Nothing like this will ever happen to the adroit arriver. He will employ all methods to attain his end, but they will be intelligent methods, honest and clear.

He will not assure his success by sacrifices imposed on others, but only on himself.

In short, the adroit arriver will not build his personality on the efforts of others, on their sufferings, on their ruins. It is only from himself that he will demand merciless labor.

Thus, having nothing with which to reproach himself, having no enemies, he will find the way clear, with no embarrassing impediments. He will have all his energy ready to remove obstacles that may suddenly confront him.

He possesses all the qualities which please others, or has, at least, known enough to acquire some of them and cultivate them to perfection for appearance sake. He has known how to get rid of his defects, or to refine them and make them amiable or at least interesting and not odious.

He is proof against vanity. He defends himself also against mediocrity. He preserves a delicate pride which pleases people. He does not flaunt his good points. He never speaks of the dignities to which he aspires. Yet his worth

is known and these dignities lie at his door. He is a clever man.

You knew J—— at school, he was a good fellow, much liked by both professors and comrades, intelligent and studious. He was a credit to the school, and no one thought of being jealous of him for everybody liked him.

J—— later on in life is still as intelligent and pleasant as formerly and he has many friends.

J—— is ambitious. His talents impel him to make a personality of himself. He knows how difficult a thing it is and that to succeed there are two methods:

First: The forceful way, which is attainment carried to excess. Force leads and overrides all in its way, in order to arrive quickly at the end.

Secondly: The gentle way, which is skilful attainment. It is insinuating, putting an end to all obstacles gently, gaining the end with a slowness full of surety.

The second way is more difficult than the first, and is that which our friend chooses. His character predisposes him to it, he has only to continue to be the good pupil and good comrade that he was while at school.

Go to J——'s house on his reception-day. You will find the people there insipid. They are

mentioned to you on your way there, and you are astonished to find them at his house.

"Why in the world," you ask yourself, "does J—— bother with such tiresome and useless people?"

Next to them you find people of influence and rank, useful people, and you think: "These people may be tiresome, too, but at least they are or may be of some use."

Don't get excited. J—— knows what he is doing. The useless ones are there to hide the others. Understand what I mean.

If you invite an influential person to your house, if you shower him with kindness, flattery, attention, what will he think? That it is his influence which appeals to your amiability. He will beware of you. If before him, you despise the humble, useless ones, if you snub them, and you are amiable only with the personalities, he will say to himself: "These people who flatter me so much are self-interested and odious." You simply do yourself an ill turn by the way you act.

But if, on the contrary, you surround yourself with all sorts of people, useful and useless, humble and great, failures and successes, if you show your good-will to each one, you are a nice

person, kind, excellent, you have a soul, a heart. You are entirely disinterested.

Those particular attentions that you bestow on all the influential ones will flatter them without prejudicing them against you. They will be charmed with the favorable surroundings. The most they will see in your gracious attentions to them will be in their eyes a matter of tact. You will have obtained all their sympathy.

The useless ones will have been present to mitigate an effect which would be too obvious otherwise.

As one shades too bright a light in an opaque globe so as to hide the defects of an interior, or the ravages made on a face, as one touches up the face to hide the hard lines, so J—— shows general friendliness to hide the assiduous attentions which, with his enlightened interest, he surrounds those who can do something for him. That kindness, that grace, is the touching up that hides the deep attention which he gives to the personalities from whom he desires something.

J—— never asks for anything. He suggests and commands mentally. The suggestion is effected in this manner:

J—— makes every one like him and everybody wants to give him pleasure, tries to do some-

thing to please him, to cause him satisfaction. The lesser ones do what they can, and the strong, the greater and more powerful ones, maintain a certain rivalry. They say to themselves: "Here, So-and-So has done this, I'm going to do that."

J—— benefits from this rivalry to which he adds the pride of always doing better than any of them. It is in this way that the little X——, who knows that J—— loves flowers, procured for him the cuttings of rare rose trees; that the little Z—— who knows his taste for travel, took him to Egypt; that Mr. M—— had him decorated by the government; that Mrs. P—— helped him to make his way to the embassy, etc., etc.

You will say, it is an easy life to lead, an existence surrounded by friends who all try to help him along.

You speak without knowing, for you ought to guess how difficult it is to please everybody, and what sacrifices, what moral effort, what patience it takes to arrive so miraculously.

J—— makes every one like him. Everybody is a word which comprises some people terrible to tolerate.

Suppose you were told: "You will be decorated if you consent to listen with patience and

kindness to the continuous complaints of poor Mrs. V——, who talks incessantly about herself and her sufferings."

What would you say?

J—— not only listened, but listened patiently to Mrs. V——. He condoled with her, he consoled her, he cheered her up. He even got to the point where she no longer bored him. The worst is passed. He has got the habit.

It is the same with that fool of an X——, who maddens people with the talk of his invention, with that old gouty Z——, crotchety and bitter; or that saucy minx Mrs. M—— who is disagreeable, ugly and pretentious.

J—— is sometimes in the thick of the infernal regions, he is so harrassed, ready to break out, miserable. But he manages to smile, answers them all, and is there for each one. And each one thinks: "This is the only man who understands me. He is the only one who is worth anything and who has any true feeling for me."

And toward this martyr of patience, of favor, of tact, of mental skill, goes up a hymn of gratitude which is recompense and from which he draws all his resources to gain the end that he has made up his mind to attain.

It is a struggle in the dark, unsuspected, known only to one.

It is a clever and loyal struggle where there are no victims, where no one is hurt, and which leaves behind it no obstacle that can be stumbled over.

If such a man eventually arrives, he will have accomplished a real miracle, something that will make people say of him: "It is deserved. Bravo!"

But he must never let escape one complaint or one reproach. He must have, above all else, the greatest force of all: silence.

To those who wish to impress their personalities, we would advise them not to act exactly like J——, but that they consent sometimes to numerous concessions in their intercourse with others, for through others is the best way to impress oneself. One can never arrive alone. One arrives by support or by the general voice of the crowd. Even when well-backed, one must, to succeed, be sanctioned by the influential power of united men.

Be an adroit arriver. Leave nothing but satisfied people behind you, or indifferent ones. Be careful to displease no one. That which in an ordinary man becomes only the memory of a

moment's irritation becomes in a celebrated one an arm for his enemies against him.

Let your force exert itself, above all, against yourself.

Exercise adroit caution. All confidences are dangerous. On earth nobody can be sure of his neighbor.

Never tell any one a secret. Have strength enough to keep silent.

Finally, do not have the self-conceit to wish to manage so that all your companions have the same mentality and aim as yourself. Do not choose. It is you who must adapt yourself to others. It is shorter and more useful and in that way you will not have any ruptures or disagreements with anybody.

CHAPTER III

OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME

It may happen that having done everything to succeed, having no negligence with which to reproach oneself, nor any fault, success does not, nevertheless, crown your efforts. Life is that way. Sometimes it contrives most cruel surprizes. Will you give way to despair, lacking energy and without resources? No, or you are unworthy of the personality you seek to acquire.

Do not get discouraged. The psychological moment has not yet arrived. Be persevering and have a firm determination.

Life is like the ocean. It hides carefully its reefs and its sandbars. There are on its bosom storms and dangers, but there are also wonderful hours when all is beauty and security. A good sailor knows the sea well, and is never discouraged or disheartened by its capricious humors.

Be a good sailor. Wait calmly at the bar

until the fog lifts that veils your horizon and do not fail to steer straight.

An aim in life can be compared to the unknown countries that the bold navigators of former times set out to discover. Do you remember the story of Christopher Columbus? It is the story of a man who tries to make a place for himself in life among his fellows. This place is the unknown country long hoped for, dreamed about, toward which the courageous Genoese sailed in spite of the disappointments, warnings, discouragements that assailed him on all sides. Are you balked for one moment on your march toward the future. Listen and take new heart again, from all that can advise you and lift up your courage.

"A flotilla comprised of 120 men and provisions for one year left Palos, August 3, 1492. They sailed for six weeks. The crew became overcome with terror because of the variation of the magnetic needle, because they ran across unknown marine growth. They demanded to return to Spain.

"There was a revolt on board, discouragement despair, fear. During three days Christopher Columbus was the only intelligent and energetic human being in the midst of this flotilla, lost in

the immensity of the unknown ocean, with no one around him but maddened and despondent men.

"He displayed unheard-of moral and physical force to quell the revolt of his companions and drag them, in spite of themselves, toward the unknown land that he pictured in his mind.

"On the 12th of October, at a moment when the hopeless sailors were going to force him to return, he discovered on the horizon one of the Bahama Islands, which he took possession of and named San Salvador in commemoration of the obstacles that he had surmounted."

Is not that also your story, you, who have set out in quest of personality? Is not this a picture of your sufferings, this crew in mutiny who want to abandon the course and return to their own country? These are your cowardly discouragements which say: "What good is it all? Let's stay here where we are. So much the worse. We have no more strength. Let's quit."

Get the best of such thoughts. Do as the man lost in the midst of the waves in a frail cockleshell of a boat. Be energetic and persevering. The promised land is near, perhaps. Besides, the loss of energy for one moment can

make you lose the fruit of all your accumulated efforts.

Also, be certain of this. If you do not attain the thing you have dreamed of by your perseverance and determination, you will reach some end which will have a value all its own if it be only acquired for you by the qualities you have displayed to conquer the other.

Cultivate strongly, incessantly, your will. It is the keystone of the arch of your success, without which the edifice would crumble to earth.

When bold tourists start to climb a frozen and snow-covered mountain, with concealed dangers and frightful precipices, they have a guide, and a strong, long rope is tied around their waists. This rope will be their salvation in possible falls.

Do you not see in this also a picture of your climb toward the difficult end? Do you not perceive that this guide, who tirelessly and safely conducts you across the great crevices of rock and snow, is will-power; and this strong rope that holds you back on the verge of danger is your perseverance?

Perseverance and will-power are giant forces in their union. Everything is born of them, and may be accomplished through them. Look

around you, and you will see them everywhere, at the bottom of the most improbable things that have triumphed, and astonished by their triumph.

Open any book of history and it will prove to you that these forces are the magic wand of man's transformation.

The Reformation, due to the energy of its introducers, was established in less than one hundred and twenty years.

You will find perseverance and determination at another time, in another overthrow—the overthrow of a powerful institution which had existed for thirteen hundred years—royalty. Here you have the big revolution in France, the taking of the Bastille, that grumbling and muttering revolt of the humble against the high and mighty. And this condition continued for ten years, to terminate in what? Another form of will-power and determination personified in an individual, a personality: Napoleon.

Napoleon was an arriver. Why did this great man leave behind him such a gloomy memory?

He was no worse than other men, but he possest in the highest degree the defects of egoism and ambition.

He also possest, to realize them, great power

and intelligence, great courage. He did for his egoism what he should have done for right alone. This is the reason that, in spite of all his energy, he only asserted himself transiently. Napoleon is the awkward, clumsy arriver, who sought for his own good at the expense of others, and who, once crusht to earth, is unable to rise again.

It is another example of perseverance and will-power succeeding in this notable man and his dynasty, and of the disappointments and discords that he had sowed for himself by the way.

So these qualities help in everything, to conquer, to sustain, but also to console and to heal. Cultivate these two forces and gain incommensurable wealth to help you follow the difficult path of existence.

CHAPTER IV

PERSONALITY, HOW TO EXERT IT

In everything, even in the smallest things, get the habit of acting for yourself, without following either the example or the advice you have received. Change them according to your own judgment. Make a style of your own. Do not imitate. It is by imitating that everything original is killed in oneself.

No one in the world is exactly like another. The Creator fashioned us all after a different model. It is ourselves who, by some deplorable turn of our character, have made ourselves all about the same. Follow the laws of nature. Live your own life.

The first thing to avoid is that chronic and contagious folly, fashion, which changes our habits, our thoughts, our body and our life. Accept it only in reasonable form, follow it from a distance and under the least enslaving form.

Conserve your innate originality. Don't be dragged into tastes which are not your own. Defend yourself against any characteristic of

others. Learn to judge everything for yourself without being the perfect repeater of the judgments of others.

It is better to be paradoxical than void of all personality. For there is always time afterward to correct one's judgment according to the truth or justice. It gives the mind a chance to work independently, without any help from the brains of others.

Accustom yourself as soon as possible to analytical study. Carefully cultivate your intellect, make things clear to yourself, appraise at its own value what you know well and compare your analyses, your judgments with those already made. Learn to like the unexpected, the new, avoid routine. Be bold, go on ahead. Personality and originality avoid everything that is commonplace.

Practise patience also, kindness to others and will-power. Having developed personality, remember that it should be asserted, and that this exercise is the most difficult part of your task. It depends solely on yourself. Little by little acquire the necessary forces to affirm it.

CONCLUSION

PERSONALITY is wealth within ourselves. It is rare wealth which few have the patience to acquire; that some possess but have the weakness to lose, tempted as they are by life to mold themselves according to the common herd

Personality is a noble quality, for to exist at all it requires mighty effort at self-control, great self-sacrifice before others.

Choose your personality and the straight road to reach it. Do not follow the shortest way where there are so many obstacles to overcome. Don't spoil anything. Remember there are two ways to attain it; the forceful way and the gentle way. The second is more difficult than the first; and it is this one that must be chosen.

Choose a good guide for your way, will-power; and a good stout rope to hold you up on the edge of the precipices of discouragement, regret, and despair—in perseverance.

Finally, remember not to make any mistakes, for they are always heavy baggage to carry. Employ every method you can, but always be perfectly straight.

The last piece of advice is: love company, widen your connections. One never succeeds

alone. Find some good support, and build your personality on an existing personality.

Try to get some good out of your personal riches. Don't be overcome by a possible set-back. Live stoically on the borders of a promised land, in spite of revolts and unbeliefs which mutter within you. Be the captain of your ship of destiny launched on the ocean of life.

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